He didn't do much again today.

Maybe he was depressed. His crack-pot sea captain said he was a classic case of depression, deep and chronic. Like the sea. He would have known.

He didn't do much. He listened to the Sunday programs of the Milquetoast Broadcasting Corporation, most of which had already started to nauseate him weeks ago.

They were the digital, liberal version of Sunday Funnies. Unfunny, that is. But senescent, so he should have enjoyed them.

Like Garrison Keillor, who wasn't really senile but merely acting that way. In other words....

A con, a crook, a mountebank pitching nostalgic misrepresentation of American culture as quack medicine, quick relief from looming apocalypse.

There were (obviously rigged) game shows where politicians were quizzed on current events they caused or (more likely) failed to prevent.

Johnny especially hated a panel of political commentators even whose leftists had recently made headlines themselves by exploiting indigent writers (of all people).

Late in the day he finally managed to go for a walk. He went to the Buffer Inn Mall, to the Dollar Store where he bought a cheap blanket for his cat. At the No Frillies he bought a frozen lasagna, and some cheese on sale.

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He went on a long walk to Vagina Road. T-shirts and tofu were cheapest in Chinese ghettos. Vagina Road between Dungass and Thing was the oldest Chinese ghetto in Dadania.

He felt right at home, like he could die right there.

There was something else he needed, first. O, yeah. Flea powder for Toby, at least if they were what was making him itch. They seemed to be going away. It was typically feckless of him to do nothing but still be wondering, after the problem was nearly over. Maybe it was something else entirely. Maybe it was nerves. Good thing his cat was tough.

He came to "$CAMH for Cats" on Dungass, and entered. There was a pleasant, buxom secretary behind the desk. They greeted one another, and Johnny showed her a photo of his cat's ass. Like some drunk in a bar.

Scabs were visible, through the parted fur. They'd broken out 10 days ago. He wondered if they could have been caused by fleas.

She said she couldn't really say, based on a picture.

He pressed. He knew she wanted him to buy a consultation, with the Vet.

If she had to hazard a guess?

She said yes, they could have been caused by fleas.

Then how much was flea medicine?

She said about 100 dollars, for 6 months. For 6 doses, in other words. Plus another 50 for an examination, because it was prescription medication, and they couldn't prescribe it without an examination.

Without even knowing for sure it was fleas? Why, his Lipitor © cost less!

Well, it looks like it could be fleas, she said a little more positively now. Reviewing the